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purchased by Madame du Barry for two thousand pounds sterling. It was said of him, that his genius knew neither infancy nor old age.

Joseph Vernet has signed his etchings *Joseph Vernet, Fecit*; and almost all his paintings in the manner indicated by the

fac simile to the right. To the left, we reproduce his signature, as it appears on the books of the academy of which he was a member; and the note, of which a *fac simile* is given below, is borrowed from the curious book entitled "*Isographie des Hommes célèbres*."

Vernet

J. Vernet &

Monsieur

Il ya bien cinq a six semaines que je ne travaille plus dans l'attente que vous ayez été la bonté de me l'écrire. J'y avais laissé deux tableaux que je venais de faire pour M. l'abbé Terray. étant trop frais pour être transportés ailleurs, ce que les ay faits être depuis plus de quinze jours.

a Paris le 30. L. 1774.

Votre très humble et
très obéissant serviteur
Vernet

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

On Saturday, January 22, were assembled at the Tuileries—the scene of many an eventful deed,—the senate, the *corps-législatif*, and the members of the council of state, to receive a message from the emperor's lips. Standing before the throne, supported by Prince Jerome on the right, and Prince Napoleon on his left, Louis Napoleon declared that, in compliance with the wish manifested by the country, he had come to announce his marriage—a marriage not in alliance with the traditions of ancient policy, and therefore advantageous to France. "Why should he marry a foreign princess?" he observed; "it ought not to be forgotten that for seventy years foreign princesses have not mounted the throne but to behold their races dispossessed and proscribed by war or revolution." In a bold and manly way he stated that, "When in presence of old Europe, one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon, and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a family, that one is accepted. It is rather by ever remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by adopting frankly, in presence of Europe, the position of a *parvenu*." Immediately the speech was printed and placarded through France. This was the first official notification that the emperor had fallen in love, and was courageously resolved to marry, not for state convenience, but for private affection; of course no opposition was made. The imperial will was law.

A week passed, and the marriage had become a fact. The following Saturday the civil contract took place at the Tuileries. On Sunday the marriage received the sanction of the church in the venerable pile of Notre Dame; the ceremony was, as all such ceremonies are the other side the water, splendid. At an early hour all Paris was astir. The whole neighbourhood of the palace and the various streets through which the procession was to pass, presented one dense mass of human life, amongst which the liveliest curiosity was exhibited by the crowds for a sight of the empress, of whose beauty rumour had said so much. Inside the church the *tout ensemble* is described as gorgeous in the extreme. The foreign ambassadors and ministers and all the public functionaries of distinction were placed in seats assigned them. Then the dazzling attire of the ladies, with the gorgeous official costumes of French and foreign officers, gave to the scene an unwonted brilliancy. The Archbishop of Paris, having received their majesties, proceeded at once to the ceremony of the marriage, which was conducted, in all respects, according to the solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church, and accompanied by all the pomp of imperial prestige and royal tradition. A canopy of silver brocade was held over their majesties' heads by two bishops; the choir repeated, several times, the *Domine Salvum*; the archbishop presented holy water, and chanted the *Te Deum*, which was repeated with thrilling effect by the orchestra and choir. At the conclusion

of the *Te Deum*, the imperial *cortège* returned, accompanied by the archbishop, who conducted them to the door of the Tuileries. The return, as had been the departure, being celebrated by the roll of drums, the flourish of trumpets, the discharge of artillery, and the shouts of a people ever-ready to applaud. The great *fête* happily passed off without any accident. In the evening there was a splendid illumination. To signalise his marriage, the emperor pardoned more than 3,000 persons who were implicated in the events of December, 1851. We must record one anecdote to the credit of the empress. Among the articles composing the marriage offering, the emperor placed, instead of the customary purse, a portfolio, inclosing 250,000 francs. The empress, however, having expressed a strong desire that this sum should be entirely devoted to charitable purposes, 100,000 francs were immediately bestowed on the maternal societies to assist poor lying-in women to provide for their wants. This was the second sacrifice the empress had made, an offer of a diamond necklace from the corporation of Paris having been refused that the money it would have cost might be appropriated to charitable purposes. The honeymoon was passed in the retreat of St. Cloud. The coronation, it is said, will take place in May. The register which was used at the Tuileries on the occasion of the civil marriage of the emperor was that of the former imperial house, which has ever since been preserved in the archives of the Secretary of State. The first entry in it is dated March 2nd, 1806, and records Napoleon's adoption of the Prince Eugene as son of the Emperor and Viceroy of Naples. The second, immediately preceding that of the marriage of Napoleon III., is that of the birth of the King of Rome, bearing date March 20, 1811. So much for the marriage and the incidents connected with it. Let us now turn our attention to the imperial bride.

There has come down to us from the dark times of Scottish history, when men's passions ran fierce and strong, when might not right was the law, a dim outline, a skeleton as it were, of a man who did, what we should call in these more enlightened times, murder; but who did it out of his allegiance to royalty, so as to give to the bloody deed a redeeming, if not an heroic air. The story is, King Robert Bruce quarrelled with the red Comyn at a monastery in Dumfries, and in the heat of the moment stabbed him at the altar. In terror he hastened to his friends, and expressed his doubt that he had slain his rival. "Your doubt," cried Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, "I mak siccar!" and immediately ran in and despatched the Comyn. "Mak siccar!" was immediately adopted as the motto of the Kirkpatrick; who, of course, was well remembered for his seasonable service in an hour of need. In course of time, the family branched out. Wherever you travel you are sure to find a Scotchman; one of these Kirkpatricks settled in Spain, and married the eldest daughter of Baron Grivegnée, of Málaga. He had three daughters by this marriage: the eldest was married to Count de Téba who, upon the demise of his elder brother, Count Montijo, grandee of Spain of the first class, succeeded to the numerous titles and ample possessions of that illustrious house. The Countess de Montijo has two daughters, of whom the first is married to the Duke de Berwick and Alba—a descendant of that Miss Churchill of whom Count de Grammont tells such queer stories. The second, the lovely and accomplished Eugénie Countess de Téba, is now Empress of the French, and possesses, in an eminent degree, all the noble qualities calculated to adorn the dignity of the imperial throne.

Thus, then, on the throne of France is seated an empress with British blood in her veins. It is more than probable that on the father's side she is one of us. Through him she belongs to the Guzman family, and that name, according to Spanish etymologists, is neither more nor less than our common name of Goodman, Hispanicised. The story is, that one Goodman, an English knight, distinguishing himself in the wars against the Moors, was ennobled by Ferdinand of Castile, and that our countryman was thus the founder of the illustrious house of the Guzmans. All the branches of this family have played a distinguished part in history. The father of the empress is

connected with some of the most glorious souvenirs of the great wars of the empire. In the struggle which Napoleon carried on in Spain, the Count de Montijo fought valiantly under the standard of France as colonel of artillery. At the battle of Salamanca he lost an eye and had a leg fractured. At the period when, in spite of all the courage of the soldiers and the skill of the chiefs, the French army experienced those reverses which led to its retreat, and when Ferdinand XII. was re-established on the throne of his ancestors, the Count de Montijo left Spain and continued to serve France. He went through the campaign of 1814 with much distinction, and was decorated by the emperor himself for the courage which he displayed in the course of it. It was he to whom, at the time of the defence of Paris, Napoleon confided the tracing out the fortifications of the capital, and whom he placed at the head of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, to defend the Buttes de Saint Chaumont. He had then the honour of firing the last shot for the emperor, then about to exchange fame and sway for a wretched existence on a lonely rock. A few years, and the scene is changed once more. The empire is a fact—once more the Bourbons are fugitives on the face of the earth. The emperor's nephew wields the emperor's sceptre, and the faithful colonel of artillery's daughter becomes his queen. So change the colours in the kaleidoscope of history. Thus does the whirligig of time bring about its revenge.

But it is time we speak of the empress. She was educated at Paris, at the convent of *Sacre Cœur*. More than once she has ran some risk of missing the greatness she has at length achieved. At one time there was a project of marrying her to the Duke d'Osuna. One of the offers for the lady's hand came from the Marquis of Alcanieaz, a Spanish gentleman, who followed her to France for that purpose; another came from an English gentleman, for some time attached to the embassy at Madrid, who was greatly surprised to find that the lady preferred an emperor to himself. So confident was this latter gentleman, that Louis Napoleon's attentions to the lady having excited remark, he offered bets of five to one that if the emperor asked the lady would refuse. For once the gentleman was wrong. The offer was too tempting for a woman to decline. Byron tells us—and he knew something of the subject—

"Women like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wings his way where seraphs might despair."

The following portrait is drawn by the correspondent of the *Times*. The Empress is about twenty-six years of age; she possesses considerable personal attractions, but more in the style of English than of Spanish beauty. Her complexion is transparently fair, her features regular, yet full of expression. She is of middle stature, or a little above it, with, as no doubt Louis Napoleon has found to be the case, manners extremely winning; her education is superior to that received generally by Spanish women who do not travel, and she is said to be what the Spaniards term *graciosa*, the French *spirituelle*. Her paternal fortune is, without being considerable, yet suitable to the rank her family holds in Spain—that of grandees of the first class. Her mother, the Countess of Montijo, has been for years at the head of the *haut ton* of Madrid, and her house has on more than one occasion been honoured by the presence of royalty; and those who are acquainted with Spanish manners well know such an honour, from its rare occurrence, is most appreciated in Spain. Formerly it was the custom to suspend a chain across the doorway of the house the king had visited, and the haughtiest Hidalgo of Castile pointed to that most expressive symbol of devotedness with pride. The receptions of the Countess de Montijo at Madrid comprised all that was most select and distinguished in rank and eminence in Spanish society. To have been invited to the Condessa de Montijo's tertulia was considered as a sort of passport to all other society in Madrid. The English particularly were always made welcome; and for the last fourteen or fifteen years few English gentlemen who have visited Madrid will have forgotten these receptions. The family used to quit Madrid during the hot season, and generally

passed the summer at Biarritz, or some other watering place in the south of France. They have, however, spent the last three winters, or the greater portion of them, in Paris. We need not add, since her marriage the empress has been the observed of all observers; and that envy and scandal have been busy with her name. Those who have studied human nature will have no need to wait until the stories that have

inconsistent with that refined grace and coquetry beneath which the most licentious conduct may pass unnoticed. She is too graceful not to gain admirers, and much of her future influence will depend upon the way in which she uses them. Those who know her well consider that her character bears a strong resemblance to that of Josephine—the same charm—the same grace—the same courage—and the same reckless



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been circulated with regard to her conduct shall be contradicted; they will know well enough that the woman who arrives at the station to which Mademoiselle de Montijo has evidently aspired, is not one at any time likely to have allowed her passions to get the better of her reason. She has the immense fault of being a *lionne*, of all female characters the most suspicious in French eyes, and to which they attach, not always with justice, the idea of an independence of morals

extravagance. It is said that she already feels so; that as regards herself the throne shall be no idle pageant, that she will play a part as well as her imperial lord—and why should she not? It was a bold step for her to accept her present illustrious rank; but what will not woman dare?

“In all the drama, whether grave or not,
Love rules the scene, and woman forms the plot.”